

The History of

drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads-hill. Good morrow *Carriers*; What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that Ifaith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern (quoth he,) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee; Come neighbour *Muges*, wee'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Enter Chamberlain.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlain*?

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand, qd. the *Chamberlain*, for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wilde of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what, they are up already, and call for egges and butter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with *S. Nicholas Clarks*, Ile give thee this neck.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshippest *S. Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir *John* hangs with me, and thou knowst he is no starveling: tut, there are other

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other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their credit sake make all whole: I am joyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hiewd malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity, Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speak, and speak sooner then drink, and drink sooner then pray; and yet (zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their Boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gad. She will, she will, Justice hath liquord her: we steal as in a castle, cocksure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night then to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gad. Give me thy hand, thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the *Ostler* bring my gelding out of the stable; farewell ye muddy knave!

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poyn. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed *Falstafes* horse; and he frets like a gum'd velvet.

Princ. Stand close.

Enter Falstaf.

Fal. *Poynes*, *Poynes*, and be hang'd, *Poynes*.

Princ. Peace ye fat kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doest thou keep?

Fal. What *Poines*? *Hall*?

Princ. He is walkt up to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him,

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeves company, the rascall hath removed my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I travell but 4. foot by the squire further afoot, I shall breake my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I have forsworn his company hourly any time this 22. yeer, and yet I am be-

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